CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY REV. F. M. ALVORD.

"And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."—Luke xx. 36.

It is universally conceded that Jesus is perfectly holy and sinless in the resurrection. He cannot be otherwise. And he is called the first fruits of them that slept. Let the reader bear in mind that Jesus is holy, and is the first fruits of them that slept. I ask now, must not the general harvest partake of the character of the first fruits? Such, at least, was Paul's opinion. "For if the first fruit be holy, the lump is also holy, and if the root be holy, so are the branches." Christ was the first fruits; he was holy; consequently, as all mankind are to be made alive in him, they will be holy in the morning of the resurrection. This is what is meant, I apprehend, by the "lump" being holy. Said the apostle to his Corinthian brethren, Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." By consulting our Savior's parable of the leaven, we discover the number of those who are to be made holy by the leaven of the Gospel. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." By collating and putting these scriptures together, the evidence is clear and convincing, to prove that in the future world all mankind will become the children of God, by being the children of the resurrection.

Collateral proof of this glorious doctrine is found in the fact, that the sacred writers speak in the plainest manner possible, of the destruction of all enemies. They declare that sin, death, Satan, and hades shall all be destroyed, and mankind emancipated from the thraldom of error, from the bondage of corruption, and shall enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God. Jesus told the Sadducees that the subjects of the resurrection could die no more.. And in his treatise upon this subject, the Apostle expressly affirms that the last enemy shall be destroyed. How often do we read in the Scriptures of the destruction of death. "O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Of Christ it is said that "he partook of flesh and blood, that through death he might destroy him that hath the power thereof, and deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Now when all enemies are destroyed, and all mankind are delivered from bondage, will not the soul be prepared to enter upon that higher and purer stage of being, whose joys shall never end, and whose existence shall run parallel with eternity? When sin, Satan, death, hell, the last, and all enemies are destroyed, what will there be, what can there be in the wide universe, to prevent the anastasis, or rising up of the soul to the bliss,and glory, and holiness of the angels of heaven?

Carroll, N. Y., May, 1849.

Original.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST PAUL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRANDSON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

LETTER THREE.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND:—

The twelve Apostles soon found themselves unable to manage the business of the rapidly increasing church, and therefore selected seven of their best brethren to take care of the widows and orphans. At the head of these stood Stephen. He was well qualified for his important office. He was earnest and fearless, "full of faith," a powerful speaker and intimately acquainted with the history of our nation. The Pharisees selected him for their first victim. They accused him of blasphemy, and bribed men to swear that he was guilty. A riot ensued. Stephen was dragged before the Sanhedrim. Paul was present. After attending to a few formalities, the prisoner was informed that he could speak for himself, and he immediately rose. He introduced his address by a sketch of their national history. He showed how kindly God had dealt with them, and how rebellious they and their fathers had been. He warned them of the danger of longer resisting the Holy Spirit, accused them of killing the Prophets, and completing their sinful course by betraying and murdering the Just One, even Jesus Christ. Here he paused. His enemies, baffled by his wisdom, terrified by his threats, and subdued by his mighty eloquence, were only able to grind their teeth in silent rage. Before they recovered the use of their senses, Stephen's enthusiasm carried him still farther. Deceived, as some assert, by his excited imagination, or what is much nearer the truth, permitted to look into heaven, he suddenly cried out, "I see heaven opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." Their rage now found utterance.

They rushed like wild beasts upon the unresisting man, dragged him from the judgment hall, with him in their midst went howling through the city, and while he was praying for them they stoned him to death. In connexion with this affair, Paul's name is first mentioned in the book written by my grandfather, and a more unfavorable introduction could not be given. He may not have been the chief actor in the riot, nor did he make the least attempt to rescue Stephen. He consented to his death, if he did not encourage the executioners in their bloody work.

The storm which had been threatening the Church for some time now burst in fury. The blood of Stephen, so far from satisfying, only seems to have increased the rage of the Jews, for they now fell upon the converts, drove them from the synagogues, accused them of infidelity and blasphemy, arrested and imprisoned many, and even put some to death. But in this, as in all other similar instances, the wrath of man promoted the glory of God. Those that remained in Jerusalem were drawn closer together by their common danger and suffering; while those who were driven from the city, preached "Christ and him crucified" in other places.

Paul was the most active enemy of the Christians. My grandfather said he appeared to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, and for a long season was a terror to them. But he was not content to limit his work to Jerusalem. Hearing that many Jews had joined the Christians in Damascus, the capital of Syria, he resolved to visit that city and root up the heresy there. Before leaving, he received power from the High Priest to arrest all those Jews who had forsaken the national religion, and send them, bound, to Jerusalem. Thus prepared, he commenced his journey, in company with a band of followers. Nothing of any importance occurred until he had nearly reached Damascus, when he was suddenly struck to the ground by a bright light from heaven! While trembling with fear at this unusual occurrence, he was asked by an invisible being the reason of his rage. Notwithstanding his fears, he had sufficient presence of mind to ask the name of the speaker. The voice replied, "I am *Jesus*, whom *thou* persecutest!" Humbled, and still more astonished, he meekly said, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" He was immediately commanded to rise from the ground, enter the city, and learn from one of those despised Christians whose life he sought, a knowledge of his duty.

Some of the brethren who, before their conversion, were Greeks, have endeavored to give a wrong explanation of this miracle. They say that while listening to the thrilling eloquence of Stephen, Paul's conscience was alarmed; that the remembrance of the first martyr, as he prayed for those putting him to death, haunted his mind, and that these, together with the startling wonders performed by the disciples, excited him almost to frenzy, and deceived him into the belief that he actually saw a light and heard a voice from heaven. But this is very far from being correct. Paul was not a man to be so easily duped; and to believe that he was thus deceived, at mid-day, on the high way, surrounded by his companions, and never during a long life discovered his mistake, is very strange.

Rufinus has just returned from his journey to the North. He has visited Germany and the far-off island of Britain. He says the tribes which inhabit those distant regions are in the lowest condition of savage life, but seem willing to be taught in the school of Christ. He established churches in different places, and intends to visit them again next year. On his way here he passed through Rome, and says Commodus neglects the affairs of the empire, and devotes his time to gluttony and drunkenness.

Farewell, DAVID.

Original.

A VOICE FROM HOME.

BY THERESA.

I was once, dear reader, ambitious for a name to leave behind, when the spirit that now dwells in this earthly tabernacle had returned to its heavenly home; but I have long since relinquished the desire for fame, and only wish that my memory may be kindly cherished in the hearts of the good and true, and that I may not have lived in vain.

How trifling and worthless seem the treasures and honors of earth, when a friend we have loved has been called away by death; one for whose sake we have lived and labored; who could understand our feelings, and ever sympathised deeply in all our joys and sorrows. We look abroad upon the busy world, feeling like a blank in the great universe—that we have no part, nor lot, in the busy scenes that so much interest and engage the attention of others. A sense of duty, perhaps, impels us to action, that we may improve the talents committed to our care, and receive at least the reward of good and faithful servants; but the charm of existence is gone, and the aching heart vainly yearns for the love, and sympathy, that were once the light and blessing of its home. I was always a lover of home, though I have sometimes wearied of its cares and labors, and sighed for the liberty to roam; but if that privilege were granted, I should soon weary of my wanderings, and sigh again to return.

Fanny Forrester's happy talent of delineating home joys and sorrows, gives a peculiar charm to much I have read of her writings. Have you ever had the pleasure of reading her "Alderbrook," and gazing at the likeness of the fair authoress which graces a page of the first volume? She is pretty looking, I think. To my fancy, there is almost a childlike simplicity and sweetness in her countenance. I wish the book contained a likeness of her favorite little friend "Ada Palmer," of whom she speaks in more than one of her sketches. Ada, I believe, must have been a real character, and not a being of the imagination. I hardly know which of Fanny's stories I like the best, though I believe I am somewhat inclined to give the preference to "Grace Linden." A fair friend of mine says the story of "Ida Ravelin" is her favorite—that "it will bear reading three times." Poor Ida! she was "not like other children." She was so fanciful, so spiritual, that no one but her gifted mother could understand her feelings. That was a beautiful idea—the little child's tearing a flower in pieces to find an angel in it. The spirit of true poetry was implanted in her nature, and when years had passed away, and the child had become a woman, how strangely cold was the meeting of Ida and "her poet friend." They had long communed together in spirit, and Ida felt that she should have known *him* in any place, but alas! herself was not recognized. The story itself is "a

phantasy," yet there are some things in real life not less strange than the formal meeting of Ida and "her poet friend."

Have you not, sometimes, dear reader, met with those whose acquaintance you have shared only through the medium of the pen, and felt that you had seen them before, the original corresponded so correctly with your ideal friend? And have you not sometimes felt disappointed?

It is pleasant to commune in spirit with those whom we have never seen in person, and perhaps may never meet on earth. I can sometimes tell my favorites by the peculiar style of their writing, even when I do not see the name attached to their communications. Br. Chapin is one of that class of writers. A friend recently sent me a beautiful little volume of his, entitled "The Crown of Thorns: A Token for the Sorrowing." I have read it with deep interest, and intend to send it on its mission of love to a sick friend, whose only pleasure is reading. I thought of her when I read the following sentence:

"We have, even through our tears, admired that discipline which sometimes prepares the young to die; which, by sharp trials of anguish, and long days of weariness, weans them from that sense of mortal enjoyment which is so naturally theirs; which, through the attenuation of the body, illuminates the soul, and as it steals the bloom from the cheek, kindles the lustre of faith in the eye, and makes even that young spirit look unfaltering across the dark river, and putting aside its earthly loves, and its seemly expectations, exclaim, 'Now I am ready'!"

I always take pleasure in sending friend L. a new book, she enjoys its perusal so much, and is so grateful for the favor. She has had the privilege of reading many good books, selected from a valuable library, and though she has been sick for years, and unable to go beyond the limits of home, there are few young ladies who are better informed.

Flowers, books, and music,—how they comfort the heart, and brighten the home of the sick and the sorrowing! Not always the music of art, but the music of nature. I am glad that spring has returned again. My home does not seem so lonely, and I shall soon visit the grave of my mother. Some one has truly written: "If there's a spot on earth that's dear and sacred, 'tis where a parent's slumbering ashes rest." I sometimes think she is near me in spirit. Not long since, I saw her in my dreams. She seemed cheerful and happy, and was preparing to go a short journey. Perhaps it was to return to her heavenly home, for it is possible that may not be far distant. Do you ever dream, kind reader? I have sometimes felt happy for a whole day, merely with the remembrance of some beautiful vision that flitted before my imagination in the hours of sleep. I appreciate the sentiment of the poet, who exclaims:

> Oh! for a state where things would be
> What now they only seem;
> Where heaven would be the waking hour,
> And human life the dream."

Not that I lightly value the blessings of the present life. I always felt that it was casting a reflection upon our Maker, to call this world *only* a "vale of tears." There is joy even in grief. When we mourn the departure of friends, we rejoice that we have had them to love, and that they were spared so long; and then there is the blissful hope of meeting them hereafter, where all tears shall be wiped away. It is better to cherish the belief that even in this world there is more happiness than misery, more pleasure than pain.

Original.

A LETTER.—THE UNIVERSALIST COLLEGE.

Messrs. Editors:—Permit me, through the columns of your paper, to say a few things in regard to the long-talked-about Universalist College, No one, who has duly considered the subject, who has really at heart the interest of the cause, who appreciates the value of liberal education, will question its utility or deny its importance. If we are agreed as to the necessity of a college, the only thing that remains is to devise means.

It is now a reproach to us as a denomination, that we have not so much as one college under our control. Other denominations, not outnumbering us, not commanding a greater amount of wealth, have not only built, but also constantly support many colleges. Others are saying of us that we are uneducated, and care but little for education. At such an accusation it will, perhaps, be really better for us if we grow red with shame, than if we grow pale with resentment. If we cannot succeed in founding a college, we really merit such a reproach. I would not intimate that we have no educated men laboring in our cause. We have many such, who have never seen so much of a college as to walk in at one door and be kicked out at the other. Among our ablest preachers are those who have had no other guidance than their own genius, no other encouragement than a stout heart and a comforting faith.

Let no one, however, urge the example of such ones against literary institutions. Genius is an exception to all rules. There are those who will rise superior to all circumstances, but it does not prove that most do not need assistance in mental culture, and stimulus in action. It has been urged too, that the first teachers of Christianity were uneducated. How men of understanding can entertain a notion of this kind, is more than I can comprehend. The Apostles were instructed by Jesus himself, before they were sent forth to preach the Gospel. Would that we might listen to Jesus, even for an hour. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John were taught by the Son of God himself. The Newtons, even, of our age, wander like bewildered children on the shores of time, now and then casting a pebble, that sends back a gentle ripple, into the wide ocean of eternity, while gazing with tearful eyes on its solemn depths; but the first teachers of Christianity were taught by one who spake as never man spake, the habitation of whose thoughts was the *everywhere* of God's being, the permanent significance of whose teachings was the *forever* of truth.

Let us not linger upon the question of utility; none, we trust, will oppose us in that. There is a plan in regard to raising funds, which has been adopted by various institutions with much success, which, with deference to the opinions of the more experienced, we would suggest: that of selling scholarships. If means can be procured without that, it would, perhaps, be the better way; but the cry comes up on every hand that it is, at least, a difficult thing to raise a sufficient amount of funds. If a gentleman, by the payment of one hundred dollars, could be entitled to send a son or

ward during the regular college course, without tuition fee; or if, by the payment of five hundred dollars, (or any other sum that might be deemed sufficient,) he could have the privilege of keeping a student, without tuition, as long as he should please at the institution, he would be much more likely to contribute than he is now, while nothing in the shape of an equivalent is offered. Many who are friendly to the building of a college, who have sons to educate, think it is too much to require first a donation, and then to exact full tuition. They would contribute liberally if they could have the privilege of sending to the college for one course of four years without paying an additional sum. Young men who are educating themselves, who are really not able to give anything, would purchase a scholarship.

That a much greater amount of money can be raised in this way will not be doubted; but would it be as well for the college? The income from tuition for a few years, might be a trifle less than it would be if no scholarships were granted, and the number of students would be somewhat increased. The loss in tuition would be but a trifle when compared with the gain to commence with. And the increase in the number of students, so far from being an evil, would be an actual advantage. It requires as many tutors and professors for fifty students as for one hundred, and a greater number gives more life to an institution.

I make this suggestion. It will, of course be taken for what it is worth. Every one interested in the success of our cause should interest himself in this matter, whatever plan may be adopted. As Cato was accustomed to end every speech he made in the Roman Senate, with the expression, *Senseo quoque Carthaginum esse delandum*—I think also Carthage must be destroyed; so, perhaps, it would be a good thing for each of our ministers to close each sermon, for a season, with the more important, and certainly the more Christian expression, *I think, also, a college must be built.* I am sure Br. Sawyer would consent to this, and would add something, too, for his beloved Clinton.

o. w. w.

New York, May 18, 1849.

CHRISTIAN GEMS.

THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

But I am in a different mood now,—now, when, perhaps, of all times, I am least able to depart from my customary silence. From the living hand of our brother who sleeps, I received my first invitation to speak to this Society. He was your Agent to arrange all the particulars of the relation you invited me to assume. In his family, and by his fireside he proffered me a home. He watched with me by my own sick, when fear triumphed over hope. I have shared his sympathies and known his heart. His kindness and worth as a husband and a father I have witnessed. I never knew them excelled. Every Sabbath, morning and afternoon, I have seen him in his place, with his family, or in the Choir.—No one loved the great cause of truth better than he. None did more for it. Never discouraged, never despairing, he knew no sacrifice too great to make if it was needed. He was quick in his feelings, ardent in his attachments, firm in his convictions. I have felt, we have all felt his presence. With a few such spirits our Society would flourish. The loss to the Society falls dark on my spirit now—falls dark on us all. May others be raised up to fill his place! God grant it!—*Rev. G. Strickland.*

THE PROGRESS OF SIN.

Could we assemble here the inmates of our penitentiaries, and summon before us from the wide world the hapless victims of sin and sorrow, and interrogate them on their youthful days, their incipient hopes and early progress, we should find that, generally, they had no anticipations of their doom. Most of them have been the victims of adverse circumstances. They had the misfortune to be reared by ignorant and vicious parents.—Their moral nature was a neglected field; or corrupting combinations rushed in upon their unguarded and yielding minds with formidable power. They did not expect to come to this. Step by step the stealthy foe has pursued them, grappled with their virtuous resolutions, and disarmed the conquered soul of its defence and its power. —*Rev. L. C. Todd.*

PUNISHMENT—ITS NATURE AND DURATION.

God being the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever, in nature mercy, and in name love, must eternally regard what he has once viewed with complacency, though man, the object of his Creator's affection, by assuming a rebel character, cannot enjoy his Father's smile, but is for the time of his revolt cast off, grieved, and afflicted for his sins. Were this correction vindictive, or according to the law of retaliation, no hope of its termination, or of its advantage could be entertained, as God is in one mind, and who can turn Him! and it would not be inflicted for the good of the delinquent. This cannot be the kind of punishment intended by the prophet, nor does the Scripture justify the belief that such punishment will be imposed on the transgressors of our race. Did God afflict capriciously, or with a fickle mind, the pain of the suffering might end, as his purpose might change; but in this case, it is not certain benefit would be realized by the punished, for no settled principle would direct the application of chastisement. Could it be supposed that God eventually grows weary of the work of reform, the offender might not be reclaimed, and yet the affliction might cease; but in this case his regard for holiness must cool, and his compassion for man fail. But *hast* thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?—that his mercies endure forever, and his truth to all generations, and that he cannot look on sin with the least allowance or approbation? From this text, thus introduced, it is proposed to draw several conclusions that shall be established by Scripture, the history of providence, and plain argumentation.—*Rev. J. Bisbee, Jun.*

DIVINE FORGIVENESS.

But what can save the redeemed from the misery of recollection? What is there in the breast of man, angel, or God, which can dispel the anguish imparted to the soul, by the memory of its many crimes? O, it is forgiveness, divine forgiveness. When meek penitence and sincere repentance have finished their mission in the soul, this comes and takes the poison from memory, and breathes the peace of God through the spirit. Were there no forgiveness, there could be no heaven. Through his agency God has made a provision whereby it is possible to all, even to the greatest sinner. And, when we remember that it is provided that those who have sinned much shall love much, and we thus see a way opened for the most abandoned, to the sublimest felicity, are we not moved to exclaim, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" For this knowledge of His beneficent arrangement let us devoutly thank Him, and, imitating the example of our Redeemer, let us earnestly

labor to restore the wandering to their Father, that He may breathe upon them the sweet benediction of forgiveness, and thus give them here an earnest of the bliss of which they will be capable hereafter.—*Rev. C. H. Fay.*

THE SUPPER.

As night came on, Jesus withdrew from the crowd to commune with those whom he had chosen as the apostles of his religion. He knew that his hour had come.—Already the traitor had bargained with his foes to betray him. Soon those who had shouted hosannas to him as king of the Jews, would cry aloud, "Crucify him, crucify him." To his disciples it was an hour of sorrow and gloom. Their expectations perished, their brighest hopes were crushed, as he spake of his betrayal and decease.—But he was calm, gentle, unto the end. He instructed them, as if unmindful of himself, in their duties as the preachers of his gospel. He foretold the opposition and scorn they would meet in the prosecution of their work. He sought to allay the strife and envy which, even in that dark hour, had a lurking place in their hearts. He washed his own disciples' feet, thus commending humility as the truest exaltation, and charity as "the bond of perfectness." Soon they would be scattered as sheep without a shepherd. He had communicated the truths which they were to unfold, and he would now impart and awaken the spirit in which those truths should be taught, that spirit in which he had fed the hungry, and made the blind to see, and the dead to live, that speaking "the truth in love," their labors might be crowned with success. He had sacrificed ease, wealth, honor, and now was to endure the shame and agony of the cross, for the redemption of the world. He would impress, by a simple and beautiful rite, his image and example upon their hearts. So when he had eaten, as was the custom at the feast, he took the bread and the cup, and gave to his disciples, saying, "This do in remembrance of me." It is a memorial feast. And a precious season it must have proved to the primitive Christians, when their Master had gone up on high.—*Rev. H. R. Nye.*

THOUGHT.

Thought is the powerful lever which has ever been instrumental in moving the world. It lies at the foundation of all civilization and improvement. It has aroused the energies of man, guided him on to the field of strife, and sent him on the lovely mission of benevolence. It has desolated the earth and covered it with carnage,—stilled the unhallowed passions of the heart, and spoken into being all those schemes for meliorating the condition of man which successive ages have witnessed. "It is the invisible sovereign of the universe." The existence of society,—the destiny of nations,—all the germs of progress and decay,—lie wrapped up in the mantle of this mighty agent.—*Rev. J. S. Lee.*

Original.

SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

"We must go to-night, husband. It is the monthly meeting in behalf of Foreign Missions; and you know that we can afford to spare a little of the abundance which God has given us, to send the Gospel to the poor and benighted heathen. And then Mr. Mellen is to be there and address the meeting; and he is such a beautiful speaker; such a lovely voice; such easy gestures; such winning manners. Who can avoid being charmed with him?"

"Missions," "Foreign Missions." There is much said at this day of the world respecting missions. Ministers, ordained to look after the moral and spiritual welfare of the world, make it a theme for pulpit declamation, exposition, suasion, direction, and so on; and thus endeavor to show to the world, beyond all doubt and contradiction, that they are real and true philanthropists. Who would stand in a sacred desk; a desk wrought in all the skillfulness of studied architecture; a desk richly cushioned, and covered, and decked with the costliest crimson; a desk within the walls of a splendid temple, marble-pillared, and rearing its dome and spire in grandeur to the skies;—who would stand in such a desk on each returning Sabbath, arrayed in broadcloth and satin, the gift of fairy hands, at a salary of three thousand dollars per year? Who? None but *a philanthropist*, I trow.

"Missions," "Foreign Missions." Unfold this mammoth sheet, four thousand of which have rolled from the steam press during the last passing hour. Open it here. Look there. Observe the heading of that article there: "The Christian's Duty to the Heathen." Read it. How admirably it is written! What a nervous and vigorous writer! That appeal speaks to the soul; it must be heeded; it must tell on the missionary cause. It *must!*

And who can afford to employ such talents; to consecrate such a mind upon the altar of religion, and devote the hours of life to a cause endeavoring to rescue nations sitting in the darkness of death, and to raise them from the degradation into which they have been plunged by the evil spirit of idolatry? What man would go forth to such a work? None but the *good* man. No! None but the man living in his splendid mansion yonder, and realizing a fortune for publications going through his press. None but a *philanthropist.* None other!

"Missions," "Foreign Missions!" Open this door here, and let us go in. It is a grand room, I know! How fine these carpets upon the floor! What a superb chandelier! How splendidly lighted! But soft now; these good and holy people are having a prayer meeting; a monthly prayer meeting in behalf of the "Foreign Missions!"

Here are Christian ladies and gentlemen, bowed lowly upon cushioned ottomans—like the one the Savior had in the garden of Gethsemane (?)—lifting up their voices in prayers and supplications for the success of the missionaries in foreign lands.

And Mrs. Rollins now—she prays none the less fervently for having an hundred dollar shawl thrown so carelessly over her shoulders,—she has traced the last ship all the way to Burmah, "o'er bounding wave and rolling billow," and all the time craved God's blessing upon that vessel with those precious souls on board, going in search of the spiritual welfare of the lone heathen.

Who could offer up prayers so fervently? Who with such deep solemnity could importune heaven to spare and bless those so engaged in behalf of the Redeemer's cause? Who have the spirit of prayer so filling, gifting, and moving their hearts in such eloquent efforts?

None but those worshipping in their splendid church. None but those enjoying thousands of this world's goods, and moving in fashionable circles. None but such. None but *philanthropists.* None others!

"Send the Bible to the Heathen!"

There is an old adage; I have read it oft; and yet, for the life of me, I cannot tell who was the author of it, or where it may be found. It is not in the Bible. I have searched the Bible carefully, very; and have no hesitancy in saying that it is not Scripture. And yet, as the old lady remarked when she found that her darling proverb—"Let every tub stand on its own bottom"—was

not a scriptural saying, "it's as *good* as scripture." And so of that old adage which has been read, spoken, and heard so oft;—It's as good as Scripture.

So it is. But how readeth it? Thus: "Charity should work at home before she works abroad!" It is not in the Bible, but it is true.

While searching in that book for this truthful adage, I found a good thing expressed there, carrying with it the same precious principle. There are many good things in that Bible; in that one which that lady holds so gracefully in her delicately gloved hand, while her eye is resting so thoughtfully upon the pearly teeth, the curly whiskers, the glossy hair, the fine eyes, and the easy gestures of the holy man of God—"the beautiful speaker."

There are many good things in that Bible, beside the golden clasp, the gilding, the pieces of satin ribbons between the leaves, and a lock of 'dear Mr. Mellens' hair laid in carefully; it may be to mark the place where the good Samaritan stopped a moment by the way-side to offer up a prayer for the stranger, wounded and half dead. And where should a lock of the minister's hair be but there, where we are told how the priest poured oil and wine into the stranger's wounds, set him upon his own beast and carried him to the house of the Levite, the Levite rewarding him for the act, by giving him two-pence for his disinterested benevolence, promising him more on his return from Jericho. Were should a lock of "dear Mr. Mellen's" hair be? It should not be any where else.

The good thing which I have found in that Bible readeth on this wise: 'But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?' This is true and genuine Scripture. No one can doubt its truth, or mistake the nature of the principle upon which it rests, or the end which the inspired penman had in view. And upon this principle mankind must act, relative to the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of the world. The first duty incumbent upon an individual is to provide for his own household. He is to have in view their welfare as physical, as moral, and as intellectual beings. And for a neglect in the discharge of this duty, he will bring down a tremendous judgment upon his own head. The next duty in order, is, to look after the welfare and enjoyment of those of his own neighborhood; the next to labor for the improvement of those of his town; then, those of the county, the state, the nation, and lastly, those of other nations.

Such should be the aim of every well-disposed man.—And it is certainly questionable charity, that visits a neighbor, while a member of his own house is more needful of his attention than the neighbor visited; questionable charity, to throw gifts into other towns when his native place is suffering for the want of those gifts; and surely questionable charity, to bestow upon foreign countries that which might serve to render his own prosperous and happy.

But how is it with those who are so zealously engaged in the cause of "Foreign Missions?" Do they look at their own household first? That they do, is not a matter of question. This done, they begin at the other end; they visit nations afar over the great waters, to plant there the standard of Christianity, and to establish the creed of the Church; encompassing sea and land to make prosleytes like some of olden time.

"The poor heathen! Oh! The poor heathen;" saith the preacher, as he stands within the cushioned and ornamented desk, at a salary of three thousand dollars per year. "The poor heathen!" And he stretches forth, so gracefully, those snowy white hands; reaches them out so imploringly toward his curled, whiskered, dandied, proud, haughty, and aristocratic congregation; the members of which have spent the past week in shaving, cheating, swindling, and robbing their fellow-creatures—suffering orphan, and mourning widow, not being exempt from the ravages of their gold-clutching claws.

Now hark! How eloquently the "beautiful speaker," "dear Mr. Mellen," pleads in behalf of the poor and benighted heathen. How he supplicates, prays, begs, and urges them to come up and impart of the abundance that the Lord has given them. The Lord has the credit of goods sold at an enormous profit! swindling bargains! and usury taken from those in distress! "Dear Mr. Mellen" said that the Lord had done it, and could "dear Mr. Mellen" be mistaken?

But that was an eloquent appeal though. It was.—And it has told upon the members of that congregation. It has. See the stewards start on their mission of love up and down the carpeted aisles, into the cushioned pews, and back; collecting for the *Lord*. See how gracefully the preacher accounts it; enough to save three or four precious souls. The Lord could not save them without these few pieces of silver. *He could not.*

What a blessed congregation! Doing so much for the Lord! Sending out missionaries to the poor heathen; sending them out, with the creed on the one hand, and the miseries of an endless hell on the other. To save souls from the burning wrath of God, who 'is good unto all and whose tender mercies are over all his works'—except the poor heathen.

Blessed congregation! And this temple of worship. Look upon the marble pillars, sculptured by an experienced architect; upon those curiously wrought and colored windows, so beautiful in the light of the superb chandelier; upon the lofty spire towering up amid the surrounding darkness, as though pointing the soul to its heavenly home beyond those bright stars afar up in the heavens!

Come, go in, do not be afraid. None but meek and pious Christians are here. If Jesus comes he will have no crown of thorns here; no cross; no nails; no spear; no sponge saturated with vinegar; no, none of these, and here he can have "where to lay his head;" right here on this richly embroidered cushion—it may be like the one upon which he rested in that hall on that fearful night, after Judas had received the thirty pieces of silver to put in the "Lord's Treasury." Right here he can lay his head, while Mrs. Rollins will come and anoint his head, and wash his feet; and wipe them too; not with her hair, it would spoil those beautiful curls, but perhaps with that hundred dollar shawl. What would she not do for Jesus?—and "*dear* Mr. Mellen?"

But hark! the organ is pealing—the Savior and the little band of followers had no organ in that chamber;—that night when he went out into the garden of Gethsemane; "they sung a hymn and went out;" it came from the heart, but the heart hath little music for the *human* ear. But hark! the organ is pealing; its rich tones go swelling and rolling through the broad expanse of the archway up yonder; now echoing back again, as if going and returning on missions of love 'tween earth and heaven.

But what buildings are here; such grandeur! saw you not the like before?—Jesus preached in a small ship, thrust out a little from the land!

This building reared in all the grandeur of studied architecture; all is well; furnished in the most costly style; the pews all sold to purse proud aristocrats, and then—*dedicated to God*!

"*Send the Gospel to the Heathen!*"

We will go out now. We are not Christians; we are poor. We will go along this way, and we will turn into this dark and narrow alley, not an hundred porches from the church "dedicated to God." We will go away

along this narrow pathway. Here, let us go in here. It is an old door, I know, creaking on its crazy hinges.—But we need not be afraid; no body will harm us here. How this half decayed floor sinks beneath our feet; the wind sighing through the broken panes, where the crevices are not filled with rags. They have not *many* rags; besides, it is night now, and the children are asleep, and they must have some covering: no marvel then that the wind finds so many places in the windows to come in so freely. And here, by these dying embers, what a lone looking and sorrowful woman! She hath seen better days, I ween, but that was "long, long ago." One who once vowed to love, to protect, to cherish, and to defend her, lies away up on the hill yonder; there is no stone to mark his resting place—he was not a Christian, he was too poor—but affection hath been there and marked the place; flowers bloom there on that little mound, and why should they not bloom in loveliness? watered with tears from eyes weeping o'er the sorrows of the past, and the present, and looking forward when two mounds and an unfeeling world will be the orphan's only hope.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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THE LATE REV. JOHN FOSTER.

THE TESTIMONI OF THE ORTHODOX RESPECTING HIM.

The human heart is so constituted that we receive strength from those who entertain views in accordance with those which we cherish. Especially is this the case when those whose views accord with ours are eminent for their talents, learning and moral worth. Their faith adds to our assurance, and confirms us in the correctness of our judgment. We not only feel the more certain that our views are true, but that they are good in their practical effect.

This capability of being influenced by others, renders us liable to be affected by error as well as truth. Indeed, I have often thought that error has derived its greatest support from the influence which one mind has upon another. The mass are prone to lean too much upon a few leading minds. Nothing is more difficult than to make them think for themselves. Too many prefer to let others think for them. There are thousands in the condition of the man, who, when asked what he believed, said, he believed what the church believed; and when asked what the church believed, replied, what I believe. Vast numbers lean wholly upon others—their highest authority for their faith is a great name, or the common opinion of the world. Back of this kind of proof they never seek to go—they are satisfied with what satisfies others. Though such persons may be very bigoted, very narrow, very exclusive, very confident, they know nothing of religion, or of the foundations upon which faith rests.

I have no respect for such a deference as this to the opinions of others. I would have every man think for himself, examine for himself, and be able to give a reason for the hope which he entertains. Unless he does this, he is not worthy of being called a believer. All who pursue this course, will be firm in their belief, even though none may agree with them; for it will rest upon the testimony of God; upon the principles of his government; upon the characterof his laws. How many have I met during my ministry who were Universalists for years before they knew anything of the history of our doctrine, or of its public advocates. They had read their Bibles, and found it there. They had studied the volume of nature, and found it there. They had observed the Providence of God, and found it there. Their faith stood not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. And their faith was strong, active and comforting. They believed because their reason was convinced and their heart satisfied.

Such believers are encouraged and strengthened when they find able and learned men believing as they do. It is perfectly natural that they should be. He who works out a difficult problem, feels more confidence in the correctness of the result when he finds that another has worked it, and made the result the same. Hence, as a Universalist, I derive satisfaction, and even strength, from the labors of those men, who by their reasoning and investigation, are led to embrace the doctrine of universal salvation. They work out problems which I have worked, and our answers agree. They apply just rules of criticism to the Bible, and the result is the same as it has been with me. Especially do I feel strengthened, when men do this, whose education and early prejudices, and position in society, would lead them to a different conclusion; when they embrace our faith in spite of the power of circumstances. And still more do I feel strengthened, when the man who does this, is distinguished for the greatness of his mind, the profoundness of his learning, and the purity of his character.

Such an instance we have in the case of the late Rev. John Foster, an eminent Baptist clergyman of England, and one of the first writers of the world. He was a Universalist. He embraced Universalism at the hazard of his reputation; his standing as a minister; his hopes as a man. The opinions of such a man are entitled to weight. Within the past six or eight years two or three foppish, shallow, flippant, unprincipled young men, have left our denomination and joined the Orthodox. They left us because we had not confidence in them, and because they found those willing to pay them for traveling about the country to defame us. Now, it would take a regiment of such men to to make one equal to Foster. In many respects he was one of the first men of England. Hear how the press, the sectarian press, the press in the habit of denouncing Universalism as a fatal delusion, speaks of him. For my quotations I am indebted to a work which has just appeared in Boston, containing Foster's letter in defence of the limited duration of punishment.

The work is from the pen of an eminent man, who has long been connected with the Orthodox.

Speaking of Mr. Foster's powers of mind, Dr. Cheever, of New York, writing for the Biblical Repository, says:

"Of the English minds that have departed from our world within a few years, none have excited a deeper interest, or wielded for a season a loftier power, than John Foster and Robert Hall. They were both triumphant instances of the superiority of intellect, and the homage that will be paid to it, over all circumstance and mere external distinction."

Rev. W. W. Everts, a Baptist Clergyman, speaks of Foster in the following manner:

"He was a remarkably profound thinker. *His mind was a fathoming line,* which he perpetually employed in *penetrating the depths* of nature, and *fetching up the purest gems* of truth and sentiment. Diving to to those profundities seemed easy to him, and he could extend the search to places far beyond the reach of most, even distinguished, intellects. . . . . He had the clearest ideas of what he intended to unfold, and never lost himself and others in metaphysical subtleties and shapeless imaginings.

He was never satisfied with dim and shadowy views of a subject."

Rev. D. W. Phillips, in the Christian Review, the Baptist Quarterly, says:

"There can be no doubt that John Foster is one of those very few individuals whom God, at long intervals, sends into the world in order to enlarge the empire of thought."

"The soul of Foster was one of the most gigantic that has ever tabernacled in flesh. It was most richly endowed in all those faculties necessary to constitute one a Christian moralist. His power of observation was great; his perception of the sublime and beautiful was keen; the grasp of his intellect has never been surpassed; his imagination was kindred to that of the best poets; his benevolence was tender and comprehensive; his conception of justice and his sense of moral obligation were fully adequate to the task of guiding such a huge soul through the tempestuous sea of life; his veneration for the great and good, wherever found, was strong; and his prostrations before the most high God were made with the greatest reverence and abasement; his firmness could withstand the world in hostile array, and look it out of countenance; his sensibilities were delicate; and his literary taste was fastidious, and generally correct."

The religious and moral character of Mr. Foster, were equal to his intellectual character. The Eclectic Review says:

"We should have liked very much to present various specimens of Mr. Foster's style of sentiment and writing from his correspondence; but it is impossible. Nor can we attempt to characterize its contents. One thing appears in it with beautiful distinctness—*the deep and humble piety of the writer.* This was the conservative influence of his intellect and heart. * * * We reverence Mr. Foster's character and intellect, and no feature of his mind has more powerfully excited our respect than that depth and delicacy of moral feeling which shrunk from the conception of everlasting punishment."

In the Christian Review we find the following:

"But what gives us inexpressible pleasure in contemplating this great man, is the fact that his moral faculties were the predominant elements of his character. From his childhood till the day of his death, his conduct was most exemplary. All insincerity, hypocrisy, and empty show he hated with all his heart. His recoil from these evils carried him at times almost beyond the golden mean. His conception of the holiness which God has made it the duty of man to strive after, was most sublime. * * * * He was as benevolent as he was conscientious. In all his writings, he aimed at promoting the highest happiness of man."

Mr. Ryland, author of the Life and Correspondence of Foster, says:

"It may be permittted, in justice to his memory, to remark, that, in Mr. Foster's mind, as is evident from his other writings this belief was associated with the holiest views of the Divine Being, and with a most elevated standard of moral excellence; nor among those who deem him mistaken on this subject could, any one be found who would more earnestly deprecate that a theological speculation should occupy the thoughts to the neglect of practical, personal piety."

Let it not be said in reply to these high encomiums, that Mr. Foster embraced his views of punishment late in life, and that they had no influence in moulding his character, for we find very early in life he rejected the eternity of punishment. In 1796, writing to his tutor, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, Founder and Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he explicitly declares his rejection of the doctrine of endless misery. As he died at the age of about 70, he believed our doctrine, at least, nearly fifty years. It is very evident, therefore, that a denial of endless punishment had no bad influence upon the heart of this great man; and that notwithstanding all that is said of the horrible effect of his views, it is possible for a man to hold them and still be eminent for piety. What a rebuke is there here upon those who maintain that true piety can have no existence, except in connection with a belief in endless punishment. And what a point is given to this rebuke when we reflect upon the prevalence of sin, in its darkest forms, among some of the greatest advocates of the horrible doctrine. O. A. S.

MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

Not a weekly "Exchange" among our religious papers comes to us without bringing the intelligence that some one of our clergymen has changed his location. It appears to us this erratic comet-like practice is increasing in our denomination. Its causes and injurious effects have been treated of at large, and we do not profess to have any new light on the subject. It may moreover, be thought rather a delicate subject to speak of in this public manner; for it may be asked, have those preachers in full fellowship in the denomination, and sharing the confidence of all, not known when it is best to remove from their parish? still, it is right in our judgment, to inquire whether our ministering brethren in removing always consult the best interests of our common cause? Is it absolutely necessary that there should be so many removals? Are societies and ministers generally benefitted by these frequent removals? Ought there not to be a reform in this matter? It has been our lot, perhaps some would say, misfortune, to live all our days, like Paul, in our "own hired house," and when the subject of planting trees, cultivating vines, &c., has come up, the response has always been, we may remove next year, and all our labor and improvements will go to benefit some one else. We asked a friend the other day, to subscribe for the paper; and the reply was, I am moving about, I shall be, I know not where, perhaps I may start for California before summer is over. This is all very natural, and may it not have its influence on our wandering clergymen? Does it not have its influence on the people? The duty of a minister is to feed the flock of Christ, to watch with care and solicitude the Sunday School, to devote his time and talents sedulously and constantly to the moral improvement and spiritual happiness of his pastoral charge. Is it not palsying to the energies and a dampening to the zeal and hopes of a minister to reflect that his time is short; that he will hardly have broken the Bread of life to the people of his new charge, he will have made a few warm friends and labored just long enough to be *the man* whom the people need and the cause glories in before he must say through the denominational prints——has removed from—— to ——, and wishes, &c. If you nor I will beautify the grounds we occupy, which are not our own; if we will not make such improvements on a *hired* house and garden as we would on our own; can it be expected that a preacher, whatever his talents and habits, can enter on his work with that vigor and deep sense of responsibility which he ought to feel, while the apprehension is hanging over him like a cloud, that his time is short? We do not design to write an essay on this subject, or extend these remarks to a tedious length; our opinion is, that removals are entirely too frequent. The causes assigned are not always well founded, the prosperity of our holy religion is retarded, societies are discouraged, and the interests of our common cause injured thereby. Shall the evil be remedied? Will some abler pen take up the subject?

B. B. H.

The managers of the great Taylor Inaugural Ball at Washington have divided $3,500 of the proceeds between the Protestant and Catholic Asylums of that city.

The largest amount of gold coined in one year in the United States was that coined in 1847, viz: $20,221,385. The amount of metal coined from the year 1816 up to that year, was $100,000,000.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

THE DEATH BED RENUNCIATION.

The following article has, for some time, been going the rounds of the Partialist Journals, and has been circulated and read far and near throughout the length and breadth of the land, as a solemn warning to all people, if they wish to die in peace, to eschew and avoid, as they would the pestilence, that awful heresy called Universalism. It is said to be a *leaf from the Journal of a Home Missionary*. But who the Home Mis sionary was, or when or where he lived, or whether the "leaf" from his journal might not have been stolen from Gulliver's Travels, we are not informed, But here is the story; let the reader carefully examine it, noting its prominent characteristics as he runs over its startling developments.

"I visited him lying on a sick bed, from time to time, but his heart was hard and unrelenting. With his deluded wife, he trusted in Universalist principles. Thus, apparently with perfect indifference, he continued several months upon his sick bed. But death was now drawing near. The physicians informed him that he could live but a very short time. As I was thinking upon his situation one evening in my study, at a very late hour, I heard a rap at my door. I found a messenger from the dying man, desiring me to come immediately and see him. Although his family had endeavored to persuade him to wait till morning, yet he must see me without delay. I went immediately to the house of death; all was still and solemn as I entered the apartment where the dying man lay. As I approached the bed, his languid eyes rested on me. 'Oh,' said he, calling me by name, 'you see that I am going fast. I have sent for you that I may attend to the interests of my soul. What I do, must be done quickly. I have often heard them say that a dying bed was a poor place for repentance. I find it to be true. *Oh, what shall I do?*' I endeavored, as I had previously done, to direct his mind to 'behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' After a moment's pause, 'Oh,' said he, 'it is too late; is it not? I have long slighted the offers of mercy. The time was, some five years ago, when I felt mercy was very near;' (alluding to a revival season when he was almost persuaded to be a Christian) 'but,' said he, 'I grieved away the Spirit, and now he has gone from me!' Now in great agony of mind he endeavored to pray, repeating the Lord's prayer, and calling for mercy. He now turned to his weeping wife, and said, 'Ah, we have tried to believe in Universal salvation; but it will not satisfy us in a dying hour.' He now expressed his sorrow for maintaining such principles, and exerting the influence he had over others. Again he cried, 'Oh! what shall I do? *What shall I do?* An anxious sister replied, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Oh, how *shall* I believe? Ah, it is too late! I have delayed this matter too long; it is too late!

His lips now closed in silence; he said no more to encourage the least hope that he died in peace. I retired from the scene, reflecting upon the folly of the sinner in putting off repentance to a dying hour. 'It is too late,' said the dying man, 'it is too late!' and he gave no evidence but that it was indeed too late. God had frequently called, but he had refused. Now he was given up in his hour of calamity, to feel it was too late. Thus closed the scene with one who had been living very near the means of grace, but for many years was scarcely seen in the house of God. He had lived in open sin and folly, supporting by his influence and conduct the cause of irreligion. He now in the hour of death, recants and shows that he is afraid and unprepared to die.—[Leaf from the Journal of a Home Missionary."

There, reader, you have the story; and what think you of it? Does it bear the marks of either modesty, charity, honesty, candor or truth? It breathes a spirit of uncharitableness and bigoted intolerance towards a denomination of Christians as honest and conscientious as any other, merely because they differ from him in opinion. And there is not one mark of honesty, candor or truth about it. He gives no names of persons, places or dates. Who was the writer of the story? Nobody knows! Who was the subject? No body! Where did he live? No where! When did he live or die? Never! We believe the whole is a sheer fabrication, invented by some silly orthodox scribbler, merely for effect. If there were any truth in it, names, places, dates, would not all be concealed or kept out of sight as they are here. If a real living or dying Universalist were to renounce his faith, they are not so squeamish, nor so tender and delicate as to conceal the facts by suppressing names, dates, &c. They miss no opportunity of making capital of an occurrence of this kind by blazing forth names of persons, places, times and circumstances, when they have them to give.

Besides, the story carries its own confutation in its very face. It is got up and told in so very awkward and bungling a manner as to show the author either totally ignorant of all the distinctive features and principles of Universalism, or else so maliciously disposed towards that system of faith that he knowingly and wilfully distorts and slanders it. In either case no confidence is to be placed in his statements. But suppose—what indeed is impossible—that the story is true in the main; or that the writer got as near the truth as his ignorance would allow; what would it amount to? Is it any proof of the falsehood of Universalism, or the truth of Partialism? Not the least. Is it any proof that Universalism, when fervently believed and adhered to till the last, will not do to die by—will not sustain and comfort the departing spirit? None at all. On the contrary, it proves that Orthodoxoy, so called, will not suffice in the dying hour. It shows that the dying man though hebelieved in endless miseryand held the same faith as the Home Missionary he sent for, and tried hard to derive comfort therefrom, found none, and died in despair. Why did he die in despair? Was it his Universalism that made him despsir? No: for he had renounced that faith. We beg pardon—this is a mistake—he had *not* renounced it; for he never held it. "He *never believed it.*" He turned to his weeping wife and said, Ah, we have *tried* to believe in Universal salvation; but it will not satisfy us in a dying hour. He now expressed his sorrow for maintaining, such principles and exerting the influence he had over others." Thus it appears he only "*tried* to believe in Universal salvation," but did not make it out. Had he really and heartily *believed* it, he would have found it really and truly a support, a prop, a joy, a consolation that he would not have exchanged for worlds of gold nor for oceans of Orthodoxy, so called. But poor man! he was to be pitied for falling into such hands as he did when the "Home Missionary," called to see him. The latter says of him "his heart was hard and unrelenting." Why was it so? We are left to infer this from the next sentence, which says he trusted in 'Universalist principles.' This is untrue, as is afterwards shown. For he "tried to believe in Universal salvation," but could not. Therefore it is certain he never *trus'ed* in it: he could not trust in a system that he could not believe. When the Missionary came the sick man was awfully frightened, and cried, *Oh what shall I do?* The Missionary says he "endeavored to direct his mind to behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Indeed! And suppose the dying man had embraced and believed in this Lamb of God—had believed he would *take away the whole sin of the whole world*—finish sin, make an end of transgression, bring in everlasting righteousness, and as he tasted death for every man, would see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. This would have been Universalism, the very doctrine he had *tried* to believe; but the very last one the Missionary would wish him to embrace. If he had been a Universalist he would have believed this before the Missionary called. But not believing it, either before or at the time, he had no hope,no anchor of the soul, and consequently died in despair. It was his *want*

of Universalism, not his *belief* of it, that produced his despair. It was the legitimate fruit of Orthodoxy, or his belief in endless misery, that rendered the dying man hopeless. That doctrine offers no balm, no consolation. It is only its oblivion, or forgetfulness of its awful visions, that *any of its professors* can die in peace.

The above story, if true, proves the reverse of what it was written to prove. It should be a warning to all to avoid both irreligion and hypocrisy—never to *pretend* to believe what they do not and cannot believe—and never to seek consolation in death from *Orthodoxy*, so called, for it has *none to give*. As for Universalism, we want no better religion to live by; we want no better to die by. We have so often witnessed its all-sustaining and all-comforting and triumphant power in death, that we cannot doubt its efficacy. Let me live the life of a *true Universalist* "and let my last end be like his." D. S.

POPERY, PAUPERISM, AND CHURCH RATES.

It is singular with what facility money can be raised for certain objects, and sometimes under circumstances which would seem to present the most insurmountable difficulties. Take, for example what has been done in behalf of the Pope, and consider what has been given and from whom. We give a few extracts from foreign papers which have come to hand, and leave them for the comments of our readers, by comparison with the descriptions of the condition of those who give, which are also subjoined.

"The cases of death by starvation in the west and south of Ireland are fearfully on the increase. In the islands of Killeen and Gorumna, ten deaths have lately occurred by starvation. Several of the corpses were found in the fields, and others of them in deserted houses. The accounts from the assizes also corroborate the intelligence that is current, about the utterly miserable state of the lower classes. In the Ennis Union there are not less than 25,000 persons receiving relief. The weekly expenditure is £900; and on the 25th of March the Union will owe £10,000 sterling.

The collection for the Pope was made on Sunday at the Catholic chapels, and proved more successful than was anticipated. In the chief parish of the city (the Metropolitan), the sum of £427 was taken; in St. Michael's and St. John's, £200; in St. Paul's, £202; in St. Michael's, £160; in St. Catharine's there was £180; and in Francis street chapel, £80. These are large sums to collect in such times of misery, when the provincial journals are so full of horrors."

"Skibbereen Union.—In Skibbereen Union there are 4,740 paupers receiving in-door relief, and the out-door paupers getting relief are calculated at 16,000! What an awful state of things is disclosed in these facts! At the meeting of the guardians on the 22d inst., the following was shown to be the state of the collector's accounts:—James Tobin paid £282, leaving due £991. Mr. Beamish paid *nil*, leaving due £597. Mr. Driscoll paid £95, and left due £975. Mr. Limerick paid £163 and left due £336. In the past year this most miserable of unions paid thirty thousand pounds of rates.

Increase of Crime.—The interference of the authorities seems to be needed to prevent the overcrowding of the gaols in the country districts. The extent of criminality is excessive, as may be judged from the fact that in addition to the heavy calendar before the judges of assize at Cork, there are not less than 581 traversers to be tried at the present Cork sessions. Their crimes are chiefly stealing turnips, potatoes, and other food."

"*The Papal Fund.* The Bishop of Metz has forwarded to the Nuncio at Paris, the sum of 18,751f. from his diocese, in aid of the Holy Father.

The Bishop of Rennes has sent a second sum of 10,000f. The first was also 10,000f.

The Bishop of Aix has sent 10,000f.

The Bishop of Coutances has sent 17,000f.

The Bishop of Albi has sent 11,000f.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux, 1,200f.

The Archbishop of Poictiers, 6,500f.

The Bishop of Frejus, 17,080f.

The Bishop of Aire, 4,020f.

The Bishop of St. Claude, 6000f.

The Bishop of Bayeaux, 6,000f.

At Constantinople the subscription had reached 3,961 piastres on the 19th ult.—Ami de la Religion.

These are but items of insignificance compared with other sums which have been sent to his Holiness. Mexico voted at once 25,000. Spain has given liberally, and all parts of Ireland, swelling the amount from that country to a sum sufficient to relieve the pauperism under which the millions are suffering. But the poor creatures are made to believe that their welfare in the future world depends upon the will of the Pope, and it is no great matter what they suffer here.

There is a great deal of good sense in what the *Cork Reporter*, a high Roman Catholic and Repeal paper, says in reference to "the Papal rate-in-aid" movement. It differs from its cotemporaries, and roundly condemns the collection as uncalled for and misapplied. It says:

"We regret much that it has been thought advisable to set on foot any such collection. Believing that there is a stern morality in the maxim, "Be just before you are generous," we do not think that one man in Ireland is warranted in sending money out of Ireland for the relief of even the worthiest and most distressed of other countries, while his own countrymen are destitute by the million, and famishing by the hundred. While the first claim of charity, that which calls on us to save the lives of our fellows in our land, remains unsatisfied, we cannot find justification for any secondary exercise of the virtue. While Irishmen lie down and die in ditches, who would gladly toil for twelve long hours of every twenty-four, for 6d. a day—fortunate, in their own estimation, if they could earn that wretched pittance, to keep soul and body together in a family of five or six human creatures—there can be no excuse for sending sums to sustain thousands of them for a whole twelvemonth to an exiled Sovereign, who is not the less like an apostle because he has lost some of the splendors of a Prince. We cannot, in truth, see the necessity of any such collection for his Holiness, at this moment. We are not aware that his position is one of personal indigence. The fact we believe to be far different. An honored guest of one of the Sovereign potentates of Europe, his circumstances cannot be such as to make money contributions needful to him, far less to call for them from a people avowedly, proverbially, "the poorest, the most wretched on the face of the earth."

As a specimen of the onerous and odious character of Church rates to support a State religion, we cite the following case:

"*Church-Rates at Southampton.*—A proof that the Legislature must interfere if the question of church-rates is ever to be amicably adjusted, may be obtained from a glance at the present state of affairs in Southampton. It appears that for some time past the church wardens of the parish of St. Mary, in Southampton, the rector of which is the Rev. the Earl of Guildford, have never been in the habit of calling on the numerous dissenters of the parish for the payment of church-rates; but this year the Southampton Dock Company have refused to pay their church-rates, unless every one in the parish liable to the impost is properly assessed and compelled to pay his proportion. The dissenters declare that they will resist the payment of the impost, and on Monday a public meeting of the whole parish was called, and held in St. Mary's church, to petition Parliament to abolish church-rates. The Rev. Charles Parsons, the senior curate of the Earl of Guildford, was in the chair. The Rev. Chairman said that he trusted the result of that meeting would, with the assistance of the Legislature, heal the differences that existed in the parish respecting church-rates; that it would be the harbinger of good in promoting brotherly kindness amongst dissenters and churchmen; that though he could not sympathise with those persons who broke the law for conscience' sake, nor with those who, after attending the church, and partaking of her holy offices, refused to pay for her support, he would cheerfully join with them in petitioning the Legislature to abolish church-rates—(loud cheers followed this announcement). Resolutions and a petition in opposition to such rates, were then unanimously agreed to. The rector's income from this parish is between £2,000 and £3,000 a-year. He is non-resident, and

employs three curates, whose salaries are £120, £100, and £80 per annum, thus receiving an income of nearly £3,000 a year for the performance of spiritual duties which cost £300."

How thankful ought we to be that we live in a country where every man is left free from the evils above described. W. S. B.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN CHURCH ON SUNDAY.

PITTSBURGH, May 21.

A difficulty took place in the German Presbyterian Church at the commencement of the services yesterday morning. Much confusion prevailed, when Mr. Demler rose and told the minister, the Rev. Mr. Rochler, that he was usurping his place, and that he must immediately leave the premises. Mr. Himmer and others interfered for the purpose of restoring quiet; but the altercation grew fiercer and a general fight ensued, in which both men and women belonging to the congregation participated, which resulted in the arrest and binding over of Messrs. Himmer and Demler for their appearance at Court and to keep the peace in the meantime. It has been deemed prudent by the authorities to lock up the church until the difficulty is finally settled. It appears that there is a division among the members of the church, and that the disgraceful scene originated in the attempt of the minority to keep possession of the keys of the church, against the expressed will of the majority.—[Tribune.

Thus have the Presbyterians of Pittsburgh given to the world some of the practical influences of their faith. Revengeful and vindictive in its spirit, they have illustrated it by a scene of riot and brutality sufficiently despicable in its character to disgrace an assembly of heathen Hottentots. But when such things are done in a Christian land, by people professing to love and practice the principles of Christ, we have no words to express our indignation and abhorrence. We have long been satisfied that the doctrines of that church were perfectly powerless for any good,—that they were unable to subdue the passions or elevate and ennoble the affections of the heart. Yet we were not prepared for the development of that spirit which has so recently transpired in Pittsburgh. Certainly, if it is a fact that Presbyterianism has come to this, it is quite time something was done in a Christian way for its poor benighted followers. We seriously question whether the Home Missionary Society could do a better work, than to appoint some Christian men to preach the Gospel to this blinded and belligerent people. G. W. G.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

The season is approaching in which the gaiety and loveliness of rural scenery so strongly contrasts with the monotony and dust and bustle of a great city. It has been remarked that "an undevout Astronomer is mad," and we should think that one who can stand amidst the profusion and beauties of the time of flowers in "blooming spring" and not feel devout must also be mad. We have frequently thought of Cowper's words "Man made the town, God made the country." Man may boast of his gorgeous edifices, the strength and beauty and elegance of his towering temples and his lofty spires; and yet there is a grandeur and a sublimity in the flowery fields, the blossoming trees, the verdant landscape and the dancing streams that make the grandest models of human art sink into insignificance before them.

We would not be insensible to the many and diversified facilities which the city affords for moral and intellectual improvement; we would not deny the fact, that in the midst of its corruptions and wickedness there is the society of the good, the influence of the virtuous and the wise. Yet it seems to us that a country residence, and rural employments are more favorable to the formation of a religious character than those of the city. No man it would seem, can feel so sensibly the presence and munificence of the all-bountiful God, as he who stands in the midst of his works. Every step which he takes among the beauties of Heaven must remind him of the provident hand that touches the clouds and they drop down the refreshing rain, that pours the genial sun upon the planted fields and they send forth their germs. If this situation be not peculiarly conducive to the sentiments of devotion, would our Savior have appealed as frequently as he did to the sensible objects of nature?

He stood in the midst of the vast theatre of the Almighty's power and wisdom, beneath the open sky, upon the green and flowry earth and there he had the living proofs at hand, of his Father's omnipotence and goodness. He taught the benevolence of the Almighty in the fields and by the seaside and on the mountain, where the finger of omnipotence had stamped the impress of wisdom and love. On the troubled sea where the tempest swept along in its fury and the storm threatened the trembling sailors, he manifested the power of Him who "gathers the winds in his fist." The husbandman, he who lives in the country is surrounded, it seems to us, with more positive and impressive monitors that teach the lessons of the Divine power and love, than he who resides in the dense populous city. Some one has said there are sermons in trees and stones. To us there is a kind of inspiration in the blooming trees, the leaping cascade, the song of birds, the hum of bees and all the sweet music of nature. A rural residence, rural occupations are favorable to the cultivation of a devotional spirit. We may change the adage and say an *undevout* gardener or farmer is mad.

"Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery; and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it—enter the wild wood
And view the haunts of nature, the calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart."

Let not the farmer envy the alderman or the merchant, or think he occupies a condition less favorable to the improvement and cultivation of his moral and religious nature. He is in the very midst of scenes and objects which teach the most impressive lessons concerning God, and that call aloud for devotion and praise. B. B. H.

CHANGES.

Address Rev. W. W. Dean, Quincy, Mass.
" " Benton Smith, Shirley Village, Mass.
" " S. Jenkins, Queensburg, N. Y.
" " J. Shrigley, Newburyport, Mass.
" " Geo. J. Sawyer, Sandwich, Mass.
" " S. Ballou, West Brattleborough, Vt.
" " J. C. Averill, Mishawaka, Ind.
" B. H. Hitchcock, Erie, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

It will be seen by notices in the Trumpet and Messenger, that the Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session at this place on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June next, the sixth and 7th.

It is hoped that we may have the pleasure of seeing our friends at that time from all parts of the State. Come along, all of you who feel the least particle of interest in the cause we profess. Show your faith by your attendance, and we will show ours by making you as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

Brethren coming from Philadelphia and intermediate places, will find an omnibus waiting them at the depot. Those from the north and west, will please call at the Exchange Hotel, where they will find a committee to direct them to places of entertainment. R. K. BRUSH.

Pottsville, May 21st, 1849.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

PLEDGE OF THE BETROTHED.

BY MARY CAMPBELL.

For thee, beloved! when I am thine,
Love's wreath of happiness I'll twine,
And tune its life-long lay;
I'll guard with care each passing hour,
Our home shall be a pertumed bower,
Our life a pleasant stay.

For thee, when business cares are o'er,
I'll wait me, patient, at our door,
In pleasant summer time;
Or, if in winter's gloom I wait,
I'll hear thy footsteps at the gate,
And haste to feel thou'rt mine.

For thee, the cheerful fire I'll tend,
And every happy influence lend,
So thou'lt not wish to roam;
Heart shall devise and hand shall bring
Comfort, and many a trivial thing,
To make thee blest at home.

For thee, at morning and at eve,
I'll pray for smiles, and not to grieve
Thee, honored, loved, adored
Lord! 'Tis of heart, of soul and eye,
For thee I'd live—for thee I'd die,—
My love is deeply stored.

For thee! for thee—thou'lt not betray,—
I'll give all else of life away,
All else of faith is riven,
Thou loved, thou honored of my soul,
I own thy influence, thy control,
To make our home a heaven.

Brooklyn, May, 1849.

A LEGEND OF LIFE AND LOVE.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Upon the banks of a pleasant river once stood a cottage, the residence of an ancient man whose limbs were feeble with the weight of years and of former sorrow. In his appetites easily gratified, like the simple race of people among whom he lived; every want was supplied by a few fertile acres. Those arcres were tilled and tended by two brothers, grandsons of the old man, and dwellers also in the cottage. The parents of the boys lay buried in a tomb near by.

Nathan, the eldest, had hardly seen his twentieth summer. He was a beautiful youth. Glossy hair clustered upon his head, and his cheeks were very brown from sunshine and air. Though the eyes of Nathan were soft and liquid like a girl's, and his lips curled with a voluptuous swell, exercise and labor had developed his limbs into noble and manly proportions. The bands of hunters as they met sometimes to start off together after game upon the neighboring hills could hardly show one among their number who in comeliness, strength or activity, might compete with the youthful Nathan.

Mark was but a year younger than his brother. He too had great beauty.

In course of time the ancient man sickened, and knew that he was to die. Before the approach of the fatal hour, he called before him the two youths, and addressed them thus:

"The world, my children, is full of deceit. Evil men swarm in every place; and sorrow and disappointment are the fruits of intercourse with them. So wisdom is wary.

"And as the things of life are only shadows, passing like the darkness of a cloud, twine no bands of love about your hearts. For love is the ficklest of the things of life. The object of our affection dies and we thenceforth languish in agony; or, perhaps, the love we covet, dies, and that is more painful yet.

"It is well never to confide in any man. It is well to keep aloof from the follies and importunities of earth. Let there be no links between you and others. Let not any being control you through your dependence upon him for a portion of your happiness. This, my sons, I have learned by bitter experience is the teaching of truth."

Within a few days afterwards, the old man was placed away in the marble tomb of his kindred, which was built on a hill by the shore.

Now the injunctions given to Nathan and his brother—injunctions frequently imprest upon them before by the same monitorial voice—were pondered by each youth in his inmost heart. They had always habitually respected their grandsire; whatever came from his mouth therefore, seemed as the words of an oracle not to be gainsayed.

Soon the path of Nathan chanced to be sundered from that of Mark.

And the trees leaved out, and then in autumn cast their foilage; and in due course leaved out again and again, and many times again—and the brothers met not yet.

Two score years and ten; what changes work over each in such a space as two score years and ten!

As the sun, an hour ere his setting, cast long slanting shadows to the eastward, two men, withered and with hair thin and snowy, came wearily up from opposite directions, and stood together at a tomb built on a hill by the borders of a fair river. Why do they start, as each casts his dim eye towards the face of the other? Why do tears drop down their cheeks, and their forms tremble even more than with feebleness of age? They are the long separated brethren, and they unfold themselves in each other's arms.

"And yet," said Mark, after a few moments stepping back and gazing earnestly upon his companion's form and features, 'and yet, it wonders me that thou art my brother. There should be a brave and beautiful youth, with black curls upon his head, and not those pale emblems of decay. And my brother should be straight and nimble—not bent and tottering as thou."

The speaker cast a searching glance—a glance of discontent.

"And I" rejoined Nathan, "I might require from *my* brother, not such shrivelled limbs as I see, and instead of that cracked voice, the full swelling music of the morning heart—but that half a century it is, dear brother, since my hand touched thine; or my gaze rested upon thy face."

Mark sighed and answered not.

Then, in a little while, they made inquiries about

what had befallen either during the time past. Seated upon the marble by which they had met, Mark briefly told his story.

"I bethink me brother, many, many years have indeed passed over since the sorrowful day when our grandsire, dying, left us to seek our fortunes amid a wicked and seductive world.

"His last words, as thou doubless dost remember, advised us against the snares that should beset our subsequent journeyings. He portrayed the dangers which lie in the path of love; he impressed upon our minds the folly of placing confidence in human honor; and warned us to keep aloof from too close a communion with our kind. He then died, but his instructions live, and have ever been present in my memory,

"Dear Nathan, why should I conceal from you, that at that time I loved? My simple soul, unfitted with the wisdom of our aged relative, yielded to the delicious folly, and the brown-eyed Eva was my heart's choice. O brother, even now, the feeble and withered thing I am, dim recollections, pleasant passages, come forth around me, like the joys of old dreams! A boy again and in the confiding heart of the boy, I walk with Eva by the river's banks. And the gentle creature blushes at my protestations of love, and leans her cheek upon my neck. The regal sun, goes down in the west, we gaze upon the glory of the clouds that attended his setting, and while we look at their fantastic changes, a laugh sounds out clear like a flute, and merry as the jingling of silver bells. It is the laugh of Eva.

The eye of the old man glistened with unwonted brightness. He paused, sighed, the brightness faded, and he went on with his narration.

"As I said, the dying lesson of him whom we reverenced, in my soul I could not but feel their truth. I feared that if I again stood beside the maiden of love, looked upon her face, and listened to her words, the wholesome maxims might be blotted from my thoughts. So I determined to act as became a man: from that hour I never have beheld the brown-eyed Eva.

"I went amid the world. Acting upon the wise principles which our aged friend taught us, I looked upon everything with suspicious eyes. Alas! I found it but too true that iniquity and deceit are the ruling spirits of men.

"Some called me cold, calculating and unamiable; but it was their own unworthiness that made me appear so to their eyes. I am not, you know, my brother, I am not, naturally, of proud and repulsive manner; but I was determined never to give my friendship merely to be blown off again, it might chance as a feather by the wind, nor interweave my course of life with those that very likely would draw all the advantage of the connection, and leave me no better than before.

"I engaged in traffic. Success attended me. Enemies said that my good fortune was the result of chance, but I knew it to be the fruit of the judicious system of caution which governed me in matters of business, as well as of social intercourse.

"My brother thus I have spent my life. Your looks ask me if I have been happy—Dear brother, truth impels me to say NO. Yet assuredly, if few glittering pleasures ministered to me on my journey, equally few were the disappointments, the hopes blasted, the trusts betrayed, the faintings of soul, caused by the dereliction of those in whom I laid up treasures.

"Ah, my brother; the world is full of misery!"

The disciple of a wretched faith ceased his story, and there was silence awhile.

Then Nathan spake:—

"In my early years," said he, "I too loved a beautiful woman. Whether my heart was more frail than thine, or affection had gained a mightier power over me, I could not depart from her I loved without the satisfaction of a farewell kiss. We met—I had resolved to stay but a moment—for I had laid out my future life after the fashion thou hast described thine.

How it was I know not, but the moments rolled on to hours; and still we stood with our arms around each other.

"My brother, a maiden's tears washed my stern resolves away. The lure of a voice rolling quietly from between two lips, enticed me from the remembrance of my grandsire's wisdom. I forgot his teachings and married the woman I loved.

"Ah! how swiftly sped the seasons! We were blessed. True, there came crossings and evils, but we withstood them all, and holding each other by the hand, forgot that such a thing as sorrow remained in the world.

"Children were born to us—brave boys and fair girls. Oh, Mark, that, *that* is a pleasure—that swelling of tenderness for our offspring, which the rigorous doctrines of your course of life have withheld from you.

"Like you, I engaged in trade. Various fortunes followed my path. I will not deny, but that some in whom I thought virtue was strong, proved cunning hypocrites, and worthy of no man's trust. Yet are there many I have known, spotless.

"Thus to me, life has been alternately dark and fair. Have I lived happy? No, not completely; it is never for mortals to be so. I can lay my hand upon my heart and thank the Great Master that the sunshine has been far oftener than the darkness of the clouds.

"Dear brother, the world has misery—but it is a pleasant world, still, and affords much joy to the dwellers!"

As Nathan ceased, his brother looked up in his face, like a man unto whom a simple truth had been for the first time revealed.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

Mention is made, in many of the publications of the day, of the repartees of Mrs. Wright to the King of England. She was a native of Pennsylvania, and distinguished as a modeler of likenesses and figures in wax; and at the commencement of the revolution was exhibiting specimens of her skill in London. The monarch of Great Britain gave her liberal encouragement, and finding her somewhat of a politician, and, moreover, an enthusiastic republican, would often enter into discussions with her. The frankness with which she delivered her opinions seemed rather to please than offend him—a circumstance which probably gave her courage to express her sentiments without restraint. On one occasion, when the king, irritated by the news of some disaster to his troops, exclaimed "I wish, Mrs. Wright, you would tell me how to check the silly infatuation of your countrymen, restore them to reason, and render them good and obedient subjects." Mrs. Wright replied—"Their submission to your majesty's government I now consider entirely out of the question. You may make them *friends*, but never subjects. America, before a king can reign there, must beceme a wilderness, inhabited only by beasts of the forest The opponents of the decrees of your parliament, rather than submit, would perish to a man; but if you seriously wish the restoration of peace, I am confident that it needs but the striking off of three heads to produce it."

"And *whose* are the three heads to be struck off, madam?"

"Oh, Lord North's and Lord George Germaine's, beyond all question."

"And whose the third head?',

"Oh, sire, politeness forbids me to name *him*! Your

majesty could never wish me to forget myself, and be guilty of an incivility."

The above anecdote must be taken upon newspaper authority; as, also another, which, *if true*, showed a still greater degree of audacity on the part of the patriotic modeler. It is said that in her exhibition room, one group of figures particularly attracted attention · and by all who knew her sentiments, was believed to be a pointed hint at the results which might follow the wild ambition of the monarch. The busts of the King and Queen of Great Britain, were placed on a table, apparently gazing intently on a head, which a figure, representing herself, was modeling in its lap. It was the head of the unfortunate Charles the First!

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

THE LABORER'S WIFE.

O, meet her with some pleasant word,
O, meet her with a smile.
If thou hast toiled for her, has she
Not toiled for thee the while?

Perchance upon her wearied arm
Reclines the infant's head;
Perchance a sick one lieth
Beside her, on the bed;

And she has tended them, and toiled,
And thought of thee the while,—
O, meet her with some pleasant word,
O, meet her with a smile.

As where the sunlight entereth not
Save by some opening small,
The shadow of an aspen leaf
May shroud in darkness all;

So to the heart that only looks
Through thine, upon the light,
Some very little cloud may bring,
A darkness and a blight.

O, meet her with a pleasant word,
O, meet her with a smile;—
If thou hast toiled for her, has she
Not toiled for thee, the while?

New London, April, 1849.

From Godey's Ladie's Book.

THE FIRST CIGAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Through many temptations, Harry Lawson kept himself pure from the vice of smoking until he arrived at the age of manhood. To him it was a most disgusting and filty practice; and there were certain of his acquaintances whose persons were so offensive, from the fact that they ever bore about them a sickneing odor of tobacco smoke that he disliked to come near them. How delicate ladies could endure the presence of men whose clothes were ever reeking with fumes from the nauseous weed, was to him a subject of especial wonder. Young men are very apt to fall into the habit, on first entering life, of speaking lightly of the other sex; they generally learn better ere many years pass over their heads. Harry fell into this habit about the time he attained his majority; but his light remarks were never meant for more than a playful retaliation upon his sister Helen, whose wit was rather sharp, when men came within reach of a good thrust.

"If any animal but man," he used sometimes to say, with an odor half as offensive as that which a smoker bears about him in his clothes and hair were come into a lady's presence, she would faint on the instant. But "the man's the man for a' that!"

Ellen was usually highly indignant at such insinuations, and would declare that for her part she could much better endure the presence of a whole menagerie than one tobacco smoker.

"Ugh! To have a man breathe his rank breath into your face until you grow faint under the infliction! To have the atmosphere of the room in which you are sitting so tainted by the filthy clothes of a smoker—young accomplished, well dressed, and good looking though he be—as to be obliged, as I have been, to air it for hours before the offensive smell could be obliterated! To have your handkerchief filled with the sickly odor and your lips coated with a disgusting, bitter film"—

"Lips, Helen! Lips!" exclaimed the brother, when this remark was made. "Why, is it possible that you let young men, and smokers at that kiss you!"

"Now Harry, that is too bad! Kiss me!" and a shiver ran through the young girl's frame. "I might endure to be kissed by a dog or a monkey, but by a tobacco chewer or smoker—never! Ugh! The very thought makes me shudder."

"Then how could your lips be so strangely contaminated?

"Easily enough, as you very well know; for I have heard you, a dozen of times, complain of the very same thing, and seen you over and over again wash your lips with cologne, after, having endured the presence of a smoker, in order to free them from the bitter sickening deposit they had received from the air he had filled with a nauseous vapor."

"It is horrible; there's no denying that," was the usual admission of Harry, in closing a light sparring contest of this nature. "How 'a human', who makes any pretentions to decency, can render himself so disgusting passes my comprehension."

Harry Lawson was a young attorney but recently admitted to the bar. He occcupied, as an office, the front parlor of the house in which his family resided, and there, patiently or impatiently, according as his temper of mind happened to be, awaited the appearance of some members of that class of individuals who know their rights and are willing to contend for them. Daily he sat and read for hours, or wandered into the court-room to note the cases on trial and mark the peculiar modes of attack and defence as carried on by legal belligerents. Idle time on his hands led him to seek company and modes of overcoming the dulness of waiting for something to do. Riding out, tavern-lounging, meeting with young attorneys in their offices, and such other ways of killing time as happened to turn up, were all resorted to by the incipient lawyer. Of course—

"Have a cigar, Harry?" was asked of him daily; for, among his associates, nine out of ten used the weed.

"Don't smoke! Is it possible?" in nearly all cases met his refusal of a cigar, even by those whose offer of a regalia he had declined some forty times before. And then would follow looks or nods that made him feel that he lacked a manly (!) accomplishment. Often he was the only one in a party of three or four, all of whom, but himself were sending up their gracefully wreathing columns of smoke, which fairly darkened the room

in which they sat, and almost suffocated him. So far when this was the case, from partaking or adding to the general enjoyment, he rather took from the pleasure of his companions and felt uncomfortable himself.

One day Harry was offered a cigar by a friend in whose office he was sitting.

"No, I thank you," came as usual from his lips. "I never use them."

"No! why, man, you don't know what you lose. There is nothtng that I enjoy like a good cigar."

"Smoking seems to me an idle, useless habit," said Lawson, in reply to this.

"That only shows what you know about it. There is nothing equal, as a digester, to a good cigar. I don't think I could live without a cigar after dinner. And then when you sit down alone or with a friend in the evening, after the excitement and care of the day are over, it tranquilizes your feelings and gives wings to your thoughts. You don't know what you lose, Harry. Take my advice and learn to smoke. "Here," and he tossed a cigar into the hat of Lawson, "is one of the mildest and purest flavored cigars I ever saw. Try it."

Harry shook his head, and lifting the cigar reached it to his companion; but the latter pushed back the hand, saying—

No—no. I wan't you to try that. If not now take it home with you. It's a mild and sweet flavored as a rose."

When Harry got home the cigar was still in his hat; and as he removed the latter from his head, it fell upon the floor. He picked it up and looked at it. Next he inhaled its fragrance.

"It smells pleasant enough," said he. There was a glowing grate before him, and lamp-lighters on the mantle. To set fire to the little roll of tobacco was the easiest thing in the world. Something whispered him to make the experiment, and in a moment of weakness, he yielded to the temptation. Next the cigar touched his lips; and then he drew his mouth full of offensive smoke. After puffing this out he tried it again; and repeated the operation for half a dozen times in quick succession. Then there was a brief pause for reflection and observation of the sensations produced. The latter were not remarkably pleasant. With a sort of blind desperation he put the cigar again to his mouth, and drew away upon it for two or three times more. As he removed it from his lips, he experienced rather a disagreeable feeling about the epiglottis; water, at the same time beginning to pour rather freely from the glands into his mouth. Not liking this sensation, he arose and commenced walking abont the floor; but it increased instead of diminishing. In a little while he sat down upon a sofa that was in the room, feeling decidedly sick. Just at this moment, Helen entered the office, and on seeing her brother looking very pale exclaimed—

"Why Harry, what ails you?"

The young man felt in no mood to answer questions. But an answer was not needed. The smoky atmosphere, and the tell-tale cigar still lying between his fingers, revealed the whole truth.

"Really! Upon my word!" fell from the young girl's lips. "Smoking! Why Harry! You're sick, are you! I'm glad of it! Serves you right! Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

But Harry was by this time, too sick to feel shame or any other emotion kindred thereto. And Helen, seeing that he grew paler, began to be a little alarmed.

"Do you feel very sick, Harry?" she asked, in a changed voice.

"Sick as death?" murmured the young man, as the burning token of his folly dropped from his fingers, and he threw himself back at full length upon the sofa with a groan. His face was pale as the ashes his falling cigar had strewn about the floor.

Frightened at this, Helen ran from the room, announced to the other members of the family, in an agitated voice, that Harry was extremely ill. Mr. Lawson, the father of the young man, started up in alarm and ran down to the office, followed more slowly by the mother, whose limbs trembled so that she could scarcely walk.

In a few moments the experimental smoker was surrounded by some half dozen persons, old and young, including even the servants of the family; yet was he still so deathly sick and faint, that he did not open his eyes, nor answer the questions put to him, except in a confused, scarcely audible murmur. But he could hear all that was said; and some of the remarks did not in any way improve his feelings.

"What's this?" he heard his father ask, in a quick surprised voice. "Oh!" and the tone was changed. "A cigar!—Upon my word! Here's the secret. He's been smoking. Well, he deserves to be sick, that's all I have to say; the foolish fellow!"

"Hadn't we better send for the doctor?" asked Harry's mother.

"No. Let him get over it," replied the father. "There's no danger of his dying."

"But he's very sick."

"The sicker the better. Served perfectly right."

While this pleasant little chit-chat, all of which reached the ears of Harry, was going on, Helen commenced bathing his face and forehead with cold water, and then applied salts to his notrils. This had the effect to revive him, and throw off the violent sickness he felt. But when he attempted to sit up his head reeled, and he sank back again upon the sofa, afflicted with a most dreadful nausea.

Finally, he was assisted to his chamber, where he hid himself in bed, and there remained until the next morning, when he re-appeared, feeling much like a man who had been caught with a stolen sheep on his back.

That was Harry Lawson's first cigar, and—his last one.

THE NEW CHURCH IN BROOKLYN.

Our friends in Brooklyn are going forward with their church at a rapid rate. We took a look at it a few days ago. The walls are nearly half way up. They are built of red sand-stone, unhewn, except at the corners, and about the windows. The style is Gothic, and, when completed, it will be a neat, beautiful building. It is not large, but sufficient. The location is very fine, being in the very heart of the city, yet so retired as to be free from the noise and bustle of the principal thoroughfares. It will be, in every respect, far superior to their former church. Thus far everything has gone along very prosperously, and we hope it may continue so to the end.

It is expected to be fully enclosed in five or six weeks, when the basement will be put in readiness for the Sunday School, and probably for the services, which are, at present, held in the Unitarian Church, only in the afternoon of each Sabbath.

The Black River Association will be attended in Denmark, Lewis County, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (20 and 21) in June. We hope every society will be represented by two delegates duly certified as such by the Clerk of the Society.—Ministers will of course consider it a duty and a privilege to attend; and those from abroad will be gladly received. Let the people numerously and cheerfully attend this annual feast of Zion.

P. MORSE, S. Clerk.

Henderson, May 16, 1849.

NOTICE.

The Central Association will hold its annual session at Hamilton Center, on the 1st Wednesday and Thursday, 6th and 7th of June next. The Societies and Churches are requested to send two delegates each, who will compose the Council, with the ministers in fellowship, and ministers and brethren of sister Associations are respectfully invited to be present with us and may all pray in faith for a "feast of fat things," and the true wine of the Kingdom.

Those from a distance will please call at the Church where a committee will receive them. Let there be a full delegation with the statistics of each society.

By order, J. Potter, Standing Clerk.

ALLEGANY ASSOCIATION.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will meet in Rushford, Allegany County, N. Y., the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (27th and 28th.) A full delegation from each Church and Society should be in attendance.

Ministers, and all others who can, are invited to be with us on that occasion. B. Hunt, Standing Clerk.

CAYUGA ASSOCIATION.

The Cayuga Association will meet in Annual Session at McLean's Tomp. Co.; on the first Wednesday, and following Thursday, (6th and 7th) of June. Let no Society within the Association, fail of sending two delegates to participate in the deliberations of the Council. And let every Ministering Brother residing in said Association, consider himself morally bound to be present.

Clergymen and friends from a distance, are most cordially invited to attend. Our hands, hearts, and homes, shall be open to receive them. The occasional Sermon will be preached by J. M. Austin, on Wednesday morning. What we trust will add to the interest of this meeting, will be an *Installation service* on Thursday. Come one, and come all.

James H. Peebles, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.

The Annual Session of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, will be held in Russia, Herkimer Co., N. Y., the second Wednesday and following Thursday of June next.—Brethren and Sisters from all parts of the Association and the adjoining Associations and all who can, especially Ministers, who *conveniently can*, and delegates from all the societies constituting this Association, are invited to attend. It may be expected that there will be preaching, the evening previous in the meeting-house at Grave's Hollow. The occasional sermon to be preached by Br. D. Skinner.

J. I. Hicks, *Standing Clerk.*

St. Johnsville, May 19th, 1849.

Swellings.—The following article is reccommended for scattering swellings on horses, cows, oxen, and other domestic animals:—"Take two quarts of proof whiskey, or other proof spirits, and warm it over the fire, but not to blaze—dissolve in it a pint of soft soap—when cool, put it in a bottle, or other close vessel, and add one ounce of camphor." This forms, when dissolved, a liquid opodeldoc, and is then ready for application. It is a cheap and valuable remedy, and should be kept constantly on hand by every person.

Joseph Trumbull was last week chosen Governor of Connecticut by the Legislature in convention. He had a majority of twelve.

Profits of Dairy Farming.—Orin Wilson, Esq. of Huntsburg, Geauga county, Ohio. kept 17 cows only the past season, and without any extra keeping realized from his dairy the sum of $606, which gives the sum of $35 64 each cow. This does not include the calves sold or hogs fattened from the dairy, and a quantity of butter and cheese yet on hand.

The receipts of the American Board of Foreign Missions, for the eight months ending April 1st., amounted to $197,491.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. William Housener, to Miss Susan Lynch.

In this city, by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. George E. Tilton, to Miss Joanna Sirrine.

By the same, Spencer H. Brown, M. D., to Mrs. Ellen A. Auld.

In North Salem, N. Y., by Rev. S. J. Hillyer, Mr. Henry C. Perkins, to Miss Juliaette O. Lines.

In Norwich, Ct., by Rev. E. W. Reynolds, Mr. Dudley A. Somers, to Miss Sarah Dillaby.

In Preston, by the same, Mr. Isaac H. Roath, to Miss Ruth A. Burdick.

In Deerfield, by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. Samuel J. Cole, to Miss Harriett A. Wade.

By the same, Mr. Stephen D. Roue, to Miss Maria Young.

By the same, at Little Falls, Mr. Peter A. Staring, to Miss Catharine M. Rosecrantz.

In Williamsburgh, by Rev. H. Lyon, Mr. N. Jackson, to Miss Jane E. Bunting.

In Williamsburgh, by the same, Mr. William Thompson to Miss Lovinia Guischard.

DEATHS.

In Fenner, on the 1st of May, Mr. David Cook, aged 67 years.

In Villenova, May 14th, Mrs. Laura M. Stevenson, wife of Martin S. Stevenson, Esq., and daughter of Richard Tozer, in the 34th year of her age.

In Frankfort, N. Y., May 8th, Mr. John W. Dygert, son of Capt. W. W. Dygert, aged 23 years, leaving a wife and one child.

On the 14th Capt. W. W. Dygert aged 65 years.

On the 18th, at the same place, Mary Martha, only child of Ely T. Marsh, Esq, aged 4 years.

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, May 21.

At market 1,500 Beef Cattle, (1,300 Southern, remainder this State, and the East) 60 Cows and Calves, and 3000 Sheep and Lambs.

Beef Cattle.—There was a fair supply of Beeves during the week, but the market on the whole is rather dull, and prices are somewhat weaker than they have been. Sales of good retailing qualities at from $7 to $9 per cwt. 100 left over.

Cows and Calves—Sales at $25 to $40, and but few in the market.

Sheep and Lambs—Are taken at from $2 50 to $5 for the former and from $2 to $5 for the latter.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$4 62a5 50	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	11 11 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 20 1 22	" Prime, "	$8 75 9 00
" Western, "	106a119	Lard, per lb.,	5 1 4 6 1 2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2,87 3,00	Cheese, "	6 a 8
Corn, round, per bush.,	60 61	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	21a25
" mixed, "	57a58	" Western "	18 21
" New Orleans, "	55a57	" Ohio Common,	17a19
Rye, "	67	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	32a33	" L'pool grnd, sack,	1 02a1 07
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	10 12 10 21	" " fine, "	1 11a113
" Prime, "	$8 25 8 37	Wool, pulled and fleece,	24 a 28

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	51a56	Timothy Seed, tierce,	16a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a9
Feathers, live American,	35 37	Flax, rough, in bulk, per bushel,	1 20a1 21
Flax, per lb.,	8 10		